

## **CHRISTOPHER AND THE CREEK: JANNE SELETTO**

Christopher was rich, successful and good at everything. Or so he said. I don't know why he was invited on the skiing trip but there he was.

We were skiing at Mt Hotham and because it was the end of the season things were starting to pop out of the snow cover.

On the first day all six of us skied together. Just after lunch we came to a tricky bit. There was a steep slope down to a narrow bridge over a creek. Everyone was nervous about falling into the water, but they all made it down one by one, until there was just Christopher and me.

I wasn't scared, but he turned to me anyway and said: 'Don't worry. I'll show you how to do it. You'll be fine.' He pushed off with his poles, but too hard, and straight away he was going too fast down the slope. He only just made it over the snow bridge and when he tried to stop, he fell and somehow landed flat on his back. Then he started sliding - straight towards the creek, headfirst straight towards it. I couldn't believe it. People started running towards him, but Christopher was sliding pretty fast by now. And he went in! Head first, straight into the freezing water, with skis, poles and all.

When they fished him out and I saw that he wasn't injured, only cold and wet, I started laughing and I couldn't stop. I kept laughing until I realised an important thing - I still had to go down the slope and not end up in the drink.

Well, I made it across the stream, and Christopher made it back to the ski lodge. He was very good about it actually. He never complained and once he'd dried off and warmed up, he started to make 'swimming with skis' jokes. He wasn't such a bad guy after all.